

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

And the Kings rowse the heaven shall bruit againe,  
Respeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flourish, Exeunt all*  
*Ham.* O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.  
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,  
Or that the everlasting had not fixt  
His Cannon 'gainst selfe slaughter! O God, God,  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seeme to me all the uses of this World?  
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,  
That growes to seed; things rank & grosse in nature  
Possesse it meerly: that it should come thus,  
But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
Hyperion to a Satyre, so loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly: heaven and earth  
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had growne  
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,  
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,  
A little moneth: Or ere those shooes were old,  
With which she followed my poore fathers body,  
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she,  
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,  
My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married: Oh most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.*

*Hora.* Haile to your Lordship. *(selfe.)*

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

*Hora.* The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;

And

## Prince of Denmarke.

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you (good even sir.)

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare your enemy say so,  
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe; I know you are no truant;

But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

*Hora.* My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

*Ham.* I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,  
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

*Hora.* Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

*Hora.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

*Hora.* I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

*Ham.* A was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not looke upon his like againe.

*Hora.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw who?

*Hora.* My Lord, the King your Father.

*Ham.* The King my father!

*Hora.* Season your admiration for a while  
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver

Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen

This marvaile to you.

*Ham.* For Gods love let me heare.

*Hora.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen,  
*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night